

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

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Poetic

Recess

"They strain O' Percy! shall never die,

—We have our task to Music, cheer the day,

—Offer the eye to victory one more time,

—And time enough to make your work a tale."

A VENITIAN SERENADE.

Air—"Love among the Roses."

The vesper star

Is set above—

The sweet guitar

Is breathing love—

And maid, with eyes of summer light,
With songs awake the cloudy night:

Oh come my love! ere dawns to-morrow,
We'll snatch a golden hour from sorrow.

The moon looks on
The silver wave—

The winds are gone

To ocean's cave—

The gondola skims o'er the tide,
The lover sighs at beauty's side:

Oh come, my love!

No more delay,
My lingering bride!

Too soon will day

My presence chide;

The matin-bird unfolds his wing,
And silence wraps the dulcet string:

— Oh come, my love!

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night! 'tis even so,
And friends that love the best must part,

Life's web is spun of joy and woe—

For every sunbeam of the heart,

An answering tear must flow!

Good Night!

Good night! good night! 'tis hand in hand

The lovers whisper time away,

The tapers, though by Cupid fain'd,

Refuse to shed a lengthen'd ray:

Then break the rosy band!

Good Night!

TO A LADY WHO GAVE ME A SUGAR HEART

A sugar heart!—it was very sweet;
But still I would prefer your other;
Pray give me that when next we meet,
And save the candy for another!

COMMUNICATIONS.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD!

STOLEN from the subscriber, within a few years, his whole estate, consisting of houses, lands, and negroes, horses, cows, hogs, and sheep, household and kitchen furniture, with various other articles of husbandry.—They were gradually and almost imperceptibly spirited away by one "INTELLIGENCE," who was then an inmate of the family, but who also absconded shortly after committing the above depredations, and who is still lurking in the neighborhood, to the great annoyance of all good society. Any person who will put me again in possession of said property, and confine Intemperance in any jail within the limits of the United States, so as to be brought to justice, shall receive the above reward, and the thanks of one who has been

A TOPER.

P. S. Intemperance may be known by his propensity for low company, redness of eyes and nose, and his great fear of losing his rights.

Hiccup-Gap, (Co.) April 16th, 1834.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

ON THE USE OF ARDENT SPIRITS IN THE SUMMER SEASON.

Throughout the season of harvest—the careful and industrious farmer sows his bread in the sweat of his face. At this season, especially, he must attend closely to his business, and drive it with zeal. If he employs laborers, he finds it necessary to be with them as constantly as possible—directing their work, and encouraging them to industry by his own example; and such severe tools as he himself and his laborers endure in the scorching heat of the sun, and from the morning till the evening of the longest days, necessarily require a plenty of the most nourishing and strengthening food and drink. It appeared to be the prevailing opinion, a few years ago, that Whiskey was the staff of life for laboring people, especially in hot weather; and that they should take into their stomach large draughts of liqueur fire, to guard them against the scorching heat of the sun. This is a false and pernicious notion: for men were strong to labor, and could endure hard toils in the hottest weather, when whiskey was not known in the world.

It is said that the Romans and Carthaginians supported the fatigues of laborious marches, in the warmest climates and seasons, under a load of arms which in some instances weighed sixty pounds, without any other liquor than vinegar and water to assuage their thirst. What toils were endured by the first settlers of New England!—toils which could hardly be endured by their descendants of the present generation; yet they had neither rum, nor brandy, nor whiskey: they had not even cider; their drink was "Adam's ale,"—which is simple water.

As if the people of the present age were under the operation of the hydrophobia, they seem, many of them, terribly afraid of water. A few persons have destroyed their lives by drinking large draughts of cold water while they were heated; and hence the silly conclusion is drawn, that it is dangerous in hot weather to drink water, unless it be mixed with spirits; whereas, for one life that has been destroyed by drinking water, a thousand, in all probability, have been destroyed (latterly in this country) by drinking rum, brandy, and whiskey.

Every healthy person, who wishes for the continuance of his health, should make good water his principal drink; it is the wholesome beverage that nature has provided for all her children. There is no real nourishment in ardent spirits; they operate as a stimulant, and, as soon as their stimulating force is spent, correspondent languor and weakness succeed—so that the system is reduced as much below its ordinary tone, as it had been raised above it. Therefore, the use of ardent spirits, however it may increase the exertions of the laborer for a short space, cannot fail to unfit him for steadily persevering in hard labor; and it is a well-established fact, that whiskey-drinkers will not and cannot perform so great a quantity of labor for a whole month, or even a whole week, as men of the same strength are able to perform, who make no use of those liquors.

A SUBSCRIBER.



OBITUARY.

[COMMUNICATED TO THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.]

JAMES GRAHAM, SENR.

We verily believe if Christians would carefully observe the minute exactness with which God has fulfilled, and is daily fulfilling—not the prophecies, but the moral declarations of His Holy word—they would be amazed at their own stupidity—ashamed at their want of confidence in His blessed promises, and mourn over their lack of fidelity;—their faith would be increased, their hopes encouraged, and every grace enlivened—their course made more brilliant, their end more triumphant. On the contrary, we cannot believe that man exists, possessed of common understanding, who will make the same observation, that can for one moment doubt their authenticity, or live for one day under the influence of those views which debase the intellectual character, and those conclusions which destroy the soul of the sceptic.

These thoughts have been suggested by the reminiscence of the life, character, and death, of that honorable servant of his God and Country, the late venerable JAMES GRAHAM, SENR., who died in Rowan co., on the 9th of February last. With what delightful emotions, with what encouragements, can we now view his long life, and mark the apparent scrupulousness with which every promise made to the righteous was verified to him. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The subject of these remarks was the son of James and Margaret Graham, who emigrated from Scotland, and settled first in Pennsylvania, but subsequently removed to this county. He was born in January 1776, and was married to Margaret Porter in 1786, by whom he had nine children, two of which died whilst young. He lived to see the other seven all settled in life, so near to him that he could visit any one of them and return the same day—all living in the pastoral charge of the same minister, and all professing the same Holy Religion, in the faith of which he lived, and in the hope of which they saw him die.

Born with a heart for Freedom's cause, and a hand for Freedom's blow," "a soul of courage and of fortitude,"—possessing a lofty spirit of independence, a true devotion to liberty and his country, he early espoused the cause of the Revolution. At the first call of his loved country, he ran to her support and defence against the tyranny and oppression of the mother country. In the year 1775, when only in the seventeenth year of his age, he entered the Army, burning, as we believe, with a sacred zeal for the honor and freedom of his country. During the years 1776, 1780, and 1781, he was valiantly engaged in some of the most important battles fought in the Southern country. He remained with the army throughout the entire course of the war, and was promoted to the rank of Captain.

He was a man of great energy and decision, and was always ready to sacrifice his personal safety for the welfare of his country. He was a man of great personal courage, and was always ready to sacrifice his personal safety for the welfare of his country. He was a man of great personal courage, and was always ready to sacrifice his personal safety for the welfare of his country.

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of life?" "I have drunk water and drank wine—I have eaten meat and vegetables—I have held a public office—I have dabbled in politics and written religious pamphlets—I have sometimes gone to bed at midnight, got up at sunrise and at noon,—but I have always paid promptly for my newspaper."—*Cincinnati Republican.*

THE LOWER REGIONS.

A correspondent of the "Richmond Compiler," speaking of the Kanawha country, relates the following anecdote:

"Immediately on the road, and a short distance from the bank of the river, the celebrated Burning Spring attracts the curiosity of the traveller. A cavity in the earth of a few feet in diameter, presents at its bottom several small orifices, from which an odorous gas, or strong bituminous vapor, is constantly exhaled. When ignited by a lighted candle, which is easily done, the whole becomes a sheet of flame, and is only extinguished by the plentiful application of water. Filling the cavity with water previous to ignition, does not diminish the brightness or fierceness of the blaze. Inflammable gases undoubtedly abound in many portions of the valley. An anecdote illustrating the fact, was frequently related in my hearing, which I cannot forbear to repeat.—A very respectable gentleman, somewhat eccentric and a little profane, had been boring for salt to the depth of 600 feet, when his friends endeavored to dissuade him from the costly experiment. "Salt I will have," he exclaimed "if I bore it to the infernal regions!" Accordingly he pressed on in pursuit of his object, with renewed perseverance and ardor—and his boring machine having penetrated one of those subterraneous recesses, where nature generates her mysterious and terrific agents, a volume of flame suddenly burst through the orifice, and ascending far above the earth's surface, spread terror and amazement in the neighborhood. The less enlightened, and superstitious, of course, fancied that the profane gentleman's threats had been really carried into execution, and that the contents of the awful and undefinable pit had been actually disgorged upon mother earth."

"Gadso!" exclaimed the liberal employer.

"What is this?" "The Red Sea," quietly replied Hogarth. "Gadso! so it is—but where—are the Israelites, with their general, and all that, eh?" "Gone over, sir," said Hogarth. "Gone over! Gadso! true! But where's Pharaoh and his host?" "All drowned, your worship," said Will, smiling, and extending his hand for the fee.

"Gadso!" cried the satisfied cit, "and so they are, sure enough."

of the truth, and went to Liege to be educated in a manner fitting his new station in society.—*Foreign Paper.*

A LIBERAL PATRON.

Hogarth was once employed by a rich citizen in London to paint a historical piece on the walls of the grand staircase of his mansion; who, like a prudent man who knew how it went, informed Hogarth he must make a bargain before hand. The subject chosen was the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the host of Pharaoh in pursuit.

After considerable haggling about the price of the job, the necessities of the painter compelled him to strike for two guineas; all that the worthy encraver of the fine arts could be prevailed on to give. Early next morning honest brush commenced his task, and after working about two hours, which he considered labor enough for his compensation, knocked at the chamber door of the old gentleman, who had not donned his breeches, informing him the job was finished and he wanted his pay. "Gadso! already!" cried the vendor of cheese and onions, who soon issued from his dormitory, spectacles in hand, crying out—"Must see it—will never buy a pig in a poke; must see the goods!" and waddled along, preceded by the painter, to inspect the labors of genius. When arrived upon the stairs, he observed a broad belt of red, extending along the wall, about midway between the ceiling and the stairs, which the artist had laid on in short order with common house painter's brush.

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ESCAPE OF A LION AND A TIGRESS.

A melancholy accident occurred at Wombwell's menagerie, in consequence of the lion Wallace and a large tigress escaping from the caravan, at Worksop. It appears that the drivers were putting the vans into the yard of the White Lion Inn, when a carriage, laden with timber, came in contact with the one in which the celebrated lion Wallace, and a very large tigress, were kept, and staved in the whole side of the vehicle. Every pains possible were taken to prevent the beasts obtaining their liberty, by repairing the van as well as circumstances would permit, and by closing the gates of the yard; but in the course of the night the beasts, being by nature restless, by some means removed one of the broken panels, and succeeded in making their escape by the back yard into the fields, where the tigress attacked a number of sheep, and killed three. The lion, finding himself at liberty, was by no means idle, but falling in with some cows belonging to Mr. Wilson, killed one and severely wounded two others. The bleeding of the sheep, the lowing of the cows, and the roaring of the lion, aroused the keepers and several of the inhabitants, when pursuit was made by the whole body, in order to kill or retake them. They first discovered the lion, about three or four fields distant, feeding on the cow which had fallen a victim to his irresistible fury. They immediately confronted him as well as their fears would admit, and several shots were fired, though contrary to the orders of the keeper, by which the lion was severely wounded. The infuriated animal suddenly rushed upon a man, who was at some distance from him, and before assistance could be rendered unfortunately killed him. He then dashed into a cow-shed, where, by the well known voice of the keepers, and their able management, he was secured, and lodged in a place of safety, without further mischief. The party then went in pursuit of the tigress, which had taken another direction, and had fallen in with some persons going to work in the brick-fields. The animal attacked a woman with a child in her arms, and a boy about eleven years of age, all of whom were killed before assistance arrived. On the party coming up, they were horror struck at the spectacle. Every exertion was made to secure the animal; but it was so dangerously wounded as not to be expected to recover, even if that object could be effected.—*Northampton Herald.*

Sagacity of the Horse.—We learn that several horses were on board the Wm. Penn, at the time of the conflagration. Among them was one noble animal, who, when the flames spread, appeared to be completely conscious, not only of his danger, but that his only dependence was on human aid. He followed Capt. Jeffries, who was the last to leave the boat, like a dog, from one side to the other of the boat. At every movement of the Captain, the intelligent animal was at his side, manifesting with singular intelligence, his apprehension and dependence on the aid of Capt. Jeffries. The latter at length noticed him, and leading him to the side of the boat, said, "my noble fellow, you must leap this railing or be lost." To the surprise of the captain, the animal appeared to understand him, and leaping the rail, plunged into the river, swam to the shore, and escaped.—*Philadelphia Commercial Intelligencer.*

A person was elected to a corporalship in a militia company. His wife, after discussing with him for some time on the advantages which the family would derive from his election, inspired him in a doubtful tone, "Husband, will it be proper for us to let our children play with the neighbors' now